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# THE Link

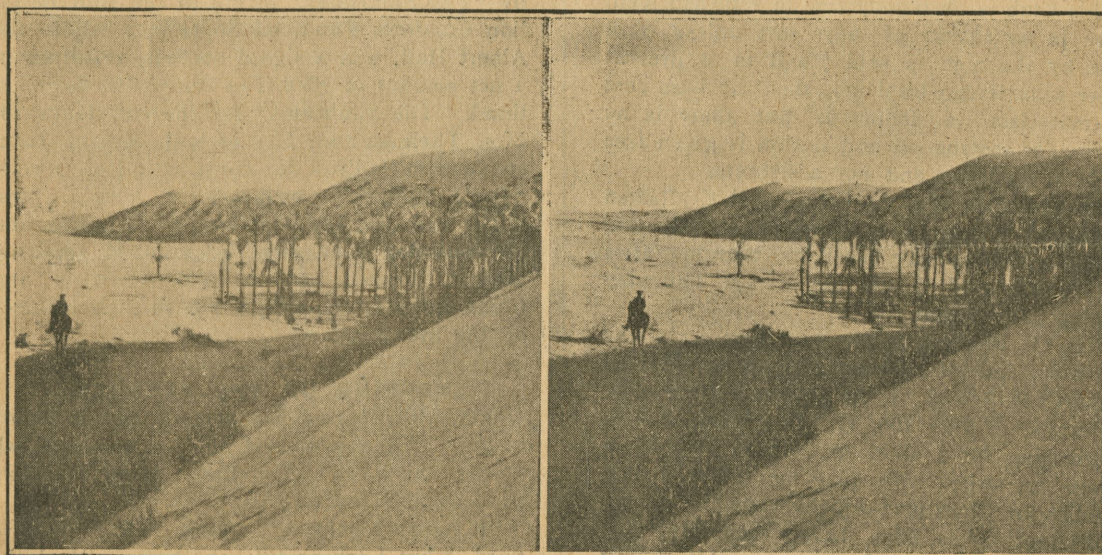
**A Weekly Circular Letter linking Queenslanders at Home and at the Front.** Phone 839  
Subscription, 3/3 half year posted. Editor: J. CRAMPTON ANDREWS, c/o R. McGregor & Co., Edward St., Box 493, Brisbane

Vol. I.—No. 13. BRISBANE, SEPTEMBER 13th, 1917. PRICE, One Penny.

**QUEENSLAND WAR COUNCIL EDUCATIONAL COMMITTEE INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT.**

More than two years ago, when the 7th reinforcement for the 9th Battalion were in camp, a small party of friends gathered together and provided socials and concerts, and on Sundays took tea to Enoggera to these men. Later, when they left on August 18th, 1915, these same friends united to send letters, papers, socks, smokes and small comforts, to obtain

funds they did arts and crafts work which has been, and is, either sold or exchanged for socks and smokes. The Arts and Crafts part of the Club called itself "The Gum Leaf Club." Both societies are now merged in the Soldiers' Industrial Dept. Since the men have begun to return, many partially disabled men have become interested in and adepts at the work produced by the Club. Mainly through the interest of friends of the soldiers, who saw the work done by these returned boys, Colonel Thynne, the



Stereoscopic view taken in the Desert by Col. Locke Wilson.



# Recruiting Ready-Reckoner

## FOR MARRIED MEN PREPARED TO JOIN THE A.I.F.

"For Home and Empire."

RATES for a SOLDIER with—	Total fortnightly pay.	Fortnightly Queensland Patriotic Fund allowance (if necessary)	TOTAL fortnightly income.	Fortnightly Pension if husband totally incapacitated.	Fortnightly Pension if husband killed.
A WIFE and no children ..	£4 9 10	—	£4 9 10	£4 10 0	£2 0 0
A WIFE and 1 child ..	£4 15 1	12 6	£5 7 7	£5 10 0	£3 0 0
A WIFE and 2 children ..	£5 0 4	17 6	£5 17 10	£6 5 0	£3 15 0
A WIFE and 3 children ..	£5 5 7	17 6	£6 3 1	£6 15 0	£4 5 0
A WIFE and 4 children ..	£5 10 10	17 6	£6 8 4	£7 5 0	£4 15 0

In addition to the above, there is 1/- per day deferred pay, amounting to £18/5/- per year, which the soldier draws in a lump sum on his return.

Then, again, a man has to remember that he is fed and clothed while in the A.I.F., which is, of course, a big item to consider.

Don't forget, too, that the rates quoted above are for the PRIVATE.

Such a big proportion of the men enlisting in Queensland to-day are married men, that we thought it would be a good plan to state all the rates of pay and pensions clearly for their information.

There is no doubt that the single men are not coming forward as they should, and many married men are coming to the conclusion that there is only one thing left to do—take up the sword themselves.

### HOW TO ENLIST.

**In Brisbane**—Go to Adelaide Street Enlisting Depot (next to State School).

**In the Country**—Go to the nearest Town Clerk, Shire Clerk, or Local Recruiting Committee, who will give you all the necessary instructions.

STATE RECRUITING COMMITTEE OF QUEENSLAND.

Vice-Chairman: Col. Hon. A. J. THYNNE, V.D., M.L.C. G. M. DASH, Captain, State Organising Secretary.

Hon. H. F. Hardacre, Mr. Henderson, and Captain Dash, the Club has been helped by the War Council to get a Club Room in a central position, where returned soldiers wishing to learn leather, metal or other Arts and Crafts may work any day or evening.

This Club is absolutely free to returned men, there is no charge of any sort unless work done by the men is sold (as it is at present faster than it can be done), then the bare cost of materials is deducted, but there is no charge for instruction and tuition is given free by Mrs. Andrews and her assistants.

On Thursday nights, Artists and Craftsmen willing to instruct are asked to attend, and soldier members may enrol any morning after ten o'clock until 1, and any except Thursday evening after 7 p.m.

Miss G. Phelan, Riverview terrace, is the treasurer, and all information may be obtained at the Club Room, No. 12 Second Floor, City Buildings, or Box 493, G.P.O. Work is now progressing for a show of work to be held in November, when a display by returned men suitable for Christmas will be shown.

Different ladies take charge each day. At present the Club is only open to soldiers, but as soon as these have been properly enrolled

and got over the first stages of their work, friends interested will be advised by advertisement and will be able to see the Dept. at work.

You 26th Boys will be interested in hearing from Miss Edie Woods that the concert given by "The Sunbeams" in aid of the 26th Battalion Comforts Fund, on September 1st, in the Albert Hall, was a signal success, resulting in a net amount of £30. The committee desire to thank "The Sunbeams" for the entertainment, Mrs. Thelander for hire of hall, Messrs. Jackson and O'Sullivan for contribution of tickets, "Daily Mail" for programmes, Messrs. John Hicks and Co., Ltd., for loan of furniture, and the following gentlemen: Sergeant E. Jennyns, Messrs. Renton, Lawson and Anderson, and Commander Beresford, who gave their services on the evening.

### KEEPING UP THE AVERAGE.

"Oh, Billy," said his grieved and orthodox mother. "You promised me you wouldn't tell stories any more! You know you'll never go to Heaven if you do!"

"I c-cant h-help it," sobbed Billy. "I've tried, b-but I 'spose I'll have to go with th-the rest of the f-family."

**Write your letter on blank page.**



## AN ORFFICER'S NEGLECK.

'Ed Quarters had a funny fit,  
 An' sent for our O.C.,  
 Ole Daddy Wallace, who fer years  
 Taught kids their A.B.C.

'E 'ad the air all off 'is 'ead,  
 An' prickles in his tongue,  
 'E thort we was an' infant class  
 An' gosh! 'E gave it lung.

'E seemed to think the A.I.F.,  
 Bought all 'e 'ad to sell,  
 Capacity for slangin' kids,  
 An' days an' nights as well.

'E might 'ave took a nap or two,  
 Between 'ere an' the Somme,  
 But no one ever 'eard 'im snore,  
 Or missed 'is tongue fer long.

Not that 'e was a bad old chap,  
 But longed fer crown an' star,  
 An' thort of "Dooty, Dooty," till  
 'E's conscience got catarrh.

An' out of us Australians 'e,  
 Resolved to make a break,  
 A fust class A.1 Companee,  
 To fight fer freedom's sake.

'E gave us 'ell an' Tommy,  
 All day an' alf the night,  
 An' long before Reveille,  
 'E'd start to put things right.

"You double blakenated fools!"  
 "Call yerselves soldiers! YOU,"  
 "An' can't right dress, or 'andle tools,"  
 "Not one thing can yer do."

But tho' 'e'd slung the acid on,  
 About our ways an' duds,  
 It weren't a patch on wot 'e gave  
 'E's N.C.O.'s an Subs.

T'was "MISTER Brown!" as if the word  
 Made blisters on 'e's tongue,  
 "Pray why! an' when! an' where! an' how!"  
 An' "You are VERY young!"

I use' to watch poor Reggie Brown  
 Takin' each dirty jar,  
 An' to myself says "Brown me boy,"  
 You're welcome to your star!"

In Frazer's 'e was bad enough,  
 On troopship never still,  
 But when we struck the desert sand,  
 Gawdstreth, 'e made us ill.

The 'eat of Eryp' seemed to 'atch,  
 Fresh notions in 'e's 'ead,  
 Till we had forty flaming rules,  
 How to behave in bed.





An' Reggie Brown got lanker still,  
 'Avin' no place or rest,  
 At last 'e says 'e's feelin' ill,  
 An' thinks e'll give it bes'.

"Ill! Mr. Brown!" ole Wallace snaps,  
 An' looks as if 'e'd bust,  
 "I think I'd die of overwork,"  
 Sooner than die of rust.

An' straight out to the Rifle Range,  
 Yanks 1A Companee,  
 Ginger takes Comp'ny No. 2,  
 An' Brown takes No. 3.

There wus some warriors with our lot,  
 Real chuckle' headed fools,  
 They couldn't 'andle rifles,  
 An' broke all marchin' rules.

Still they was brave as Vikings,  
 An' done their bit in France,  
 But durin' trainin' liked to think  
 They each was a Free lance.

An' dreckly foolin' with the sight,  
 One blows 'is finger off,  
 An' Wallace swoops on pore Reg Brown,  
 An' throws 'is chest a toff.

"This sore of thing now, Mister Brown  
 I cannot overlook,  
 It shows an' Orfficer's negleck!"  
 An' then some notes 'e took.

"Report to me at one o'clock!"  
 Reggie salutes, "Yes, Sir!"  
 When in old Wallace's command,  
 We see's a mighty stir.

Ole Daddy Wallace hails a cove.  
 "Hey Simpson! Wot's to pay?"  
 An' Simpson says, "One of your men's  
 Three fingers blowed away."

—JOCK.

**WHAT, NEVER!**

"Algernon!" said Mrs. Talkington severely,  
 "How often have I told you, you are not to  
 speak, when I am speaking!"

Algernon (in tears): "A-a-ain't I-I-I n-n-ever  
 to-o-o s-s-speak?"

**P**OST your Soldier Friend a tin of **GRIFFITHS**  
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**SUSTAINING, STIMULATING.** Packed n spe-  
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## FASHION NOTES.

Dear Chaps,—I was favoured with a sight of something absolutely new in head gear this week. I've told you every shape it was possible to put silk and straw and stuff had been used up, also there was very little in the fruit and vegetable line that wasn't collected and copied for millinery souvenirs, and lots of kitchen articles, such as gravy strainers and saucepans have been copied so well you could hardly tell them from the genuine article, and we have long been used to the sight of pieces of brooms and brushes, supporting themselves on bits left over from various dresses, but now they're mixing up their hats with their foot gear. This is no boob yarn, but the straight office I'm giving you. For a young female, passed me in the street with her hat brim laced up with her shoe laces. She was wearing those low slip off shoes, so didn't need the laces and owing to her hat having got caught in a machine or something that took two nasty gashes out of it, she held the four bits together quite nicely by lacing it across. It was done quite neatly, too, and I reckon she was a really careful girl that; some girls would have given the hat to a younger sister or the laundress.

There's one fashion here that only needs developing in a businesslike way to make someone's fortune. Its in the matter of badges; everybody wears one. The slackers don't want the returned boys to feel they aren't backing them up somewhere, so they get anything from a football badge to a tobacco tag and wear it in their coats. If some tobacco firm would get out an advertisement tag as nearly as possible like a returned soldier's badge (perhaps if a strong body of "won't fights" waited on the Minister for Defence he might allow it to be copied exactly), that firm would have to charge extra for early doors. Also it would prevent Claud and Willy stealing our badges as often happens now.

I have only just found out that white stockings are more slippery than black ones, and to keep the shoes on them at all, they have to tie them on. I have seen several girls lately with their shoes tied on as far as you could see on a windy day, the black strings go round and round cross at the front, then at the back, the girls step out quite cheerfully with them on, for they know there is no danger of these well



Important Sub. (to recruit with whom he went to school): "I hope Private Hardwood you will not be one of those men who can't take telling!"

Private Hardwood (cheerfully): "Oh, say what you like, mate, I'll take no notice!"

roped on shoes slipping and revealing the spot where a darn ought to be.—Yours dinkum,

THE FASHION EXPERT.

## A BELMONT BREEZE.

Dear Boys,—Here in our sunny little Belmont we are a community of small farmers, rising before the dawn and going to nest with the birds. We considered how best we could help our lads away on the other side, but not beyond "The Link." We decided that knitting socks in our odd five minutes would not produce much in the way of foot covering, even if you overlooked the dropt stitches and the hotch-potch due to tired hands and sleepy eyes.

You know in the country every six nights' sleep is reckoned a store to draw on for THE Saturday night's 1s. worth of pictures. We laid our nets accordingly in the shape of Saturday night patriotic entertainments, and now catch these shillings to tunes varying from £5

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to £13 a time. This "music" we donate alternately to the Red Cross and the Wounded Soldiers' Funds.

We often dance, "with a stone in the breast, and a tear in the eye, and watch for the mail as the months go by." More than one of us has had it "right between the eyes," but we go on for the sake of the other woman's boy. But we're not downhearted—Oh, dear no. We know your home coming is a day nearer each set of sun.

But those bonny English lassies, and those little French dainties! We're real scared o' them and their luck in getting first innings!

YOUR LOVING BELMONT GIRLS.

P.S.—Hope you don't sneeze, and call the above "a wheeze."—B.G.

#### A LETTER FROM SANDGATE.

Dear Boys,

You're a long long way from home, and the gulf is wide that divides you from your native shores. But still "The Link" connects the chain between us, so we greet you once again.

Do you find it an effort to write home, boys, because I have just been reading some lines about a Queensland soldier trying to write home, and the lines run thus:—

"Soldier with a pencil, looking mighty glum," and ends:—

"Batty in the belfry,  
Dippy in the Dome;  
Here you have a soldier,  
Trying to write home."

Now, I must confess it isn't an effort to write from home. The news is so plentiful.

How many of you, I wonder, know Sandgate, with its natural beauty? It isn't to be compared with Sandgate in England, but to stand on the cliff on a fine day and look down the Lower Esplanade with its picturesque kiosk, its row of figtrees and its strips of beach tipping the blue of the sea, such beauty is all that could be desired. As I write this I hear the call of a bugle and the beat of a drum. It isn't a route march, but the cadets called to drill, and I can hear two boys planning to jump the fence when the roll has been called—the beach and a canal has more attraction than drill. But isn't it like boys. Don't you remember when you used to do the same. It rained last night, the first good rain we have had for ages, and the tanks were getting empty and the farmers were praying for rain.

Another big recruiting meeting yesterday at the G.P.O., but only four recruits came forward.

The Strike has been dreadful in Sydney, thousands out of work, but we have hope it will be settled very soon.

One cannot realise that there is a war on, for the city seems so gay. The fashions are more fashionable than ever, all places of amusement are always full, and compared with the few men in khaki there are dozens of eligibles parading the streets.

They are keeping the home fires burning for you chaps. It wouldn't do for you—"our heroes"—to come back to an empty grate and a cold hearth.

Keep smiling. Don't forget the words of the song:

"When the war is over and peace again we'll see,

We'll spell their names with capitals  
A-N-Z-A-C."

Hoping you will all get Christmas Billies and lots of mail. I send you all good wishes from Queensland.

"GOO-EE."

#### FROM AN ADELAIDE CORRESPONDENT.

Up to date over £9,000 has been added to the Y.M.C.A. Army Fund as the result of Red Triangle Day, but as the country returns are not yet available, it is early to guess at the total, which promises to be considerable. The work of the Association has been recognised as a valuable adjunct of the fighting armies, and consequently donations come in well to enable the officials of the Red Triangle to "carry on." The day in the city was bright and sunny, but the wind was keen and the girls wore gaily-coloured sports coats with their immaculate white frocks, and all looked bewitching and beautiful while busy with their trays of buttons and souvenirs. Several concert parties made their appearance at luncheon time and drew large crowds wherever they "pitched their tents." Our popular concert promoter and vocalist, Miss Hilda Felstead, has left Adelaide for a time. She was always to the fore on Buttons' Days and could always induce the stingiest of the stingy to "part up." She delighted in trimming her soft felt hat with crisp bank notes, and generally succeeded in doing it. Early in the afternoon Lady Galway made a presentation of colours, on behalf of the residents of Unley, and a side-drum from the Y.M.C.A. Army and Navy Department to the Reinforcements of the ——— Battalion. The ceremony took place at Bowman's Arcade, and the president of the Y.M.C.A. presided. Lady Galway received an enamel pendent as a memento. A patriotic resident of Prospect recently sold a block of land and handed over the proceeds to the Trench Comforts and Australia Day Funds. His generosity is an example which might well be followed by others. So



successful has the Red Cross Market proved during the past six months that the residents of Glenelg find they are able to provide invalid foodstuffs and extra comforts for the men in hospital besides the usual Red Cross necessities. Colonel Murdoch writes from London in most appreciative terms of the value of the warm clothing and foods which are forwarded through the Red Cross Society from Australia. The Trench Comforts Shop, Bowman's Arcade, which opens on Friday and Saturday morning, justifies the faith of the promoters. August was a record month, £300 being taken during the four weeks. Such a profusion of beautiful flowers come in weekly that a special window has been set aside for their arrangement, a charming side show, as the chief stock is produce of all kinds. We are quickly coming to the end of the Xmas boxes. I am told only one thousand more to be packed. This means that every man in khaki will receive a greeting from home. One of the most sympathetic and generous friends of the soldiers, Mrs. W. F. Stock, passed away this week. Her death, which was very sudden, will be felt most keenly by a vast number of friends. Generous to all, her chief interest was in the Cheer-up Society, the Hut being almost completely furnished with gifts donated by her.

My Dear Editor,—

The death of Lieut. J. C. Hogg (Greenmount), came as a sad blow to his many Toowoomba friends last week. He is the eldest of three brothers who have been fighting and doing their bit since the war began. One sister is nursing "somewhere" (on duty in England), and the deepest sympathy is extended to his mother and family. He was a son of Dr. Hogg who died many years ago. We cannot but regret his death.

In letters received yesterday from Salisbury, mention is made of Lieut. Colonel Frank O'Mahoney. His popularity is well-known over there and he is adored by his boys under him.

I think that Ethel Turner's letter is a lesson we should all try and learn. It is a beautiful thought and one many of us would express if we could. Good luck to "The Link."

Saltbush Park.

R.M.S.

#### THE HEN'S MISTAKE.

Irate Diner: "Waiter, there is a chicken in this egg! Call the manager!"

Nervous and Conciliatory Waiter: "Sorry, Sir, but hif you'll hexcuse me mentioning it, Sir, this his no hoversight on the manager's part. Hit his a misunderstanding hon the part of the hen!"

Dear Boys,—Beside "The Links" sent to you from the members of our Club, we have had an anonymous gift of £1 sent with good wishes for your very own paper; this sends papers to five of you. I wish our anonymous friend would send me her name and address, that I might send her the list of boys at the front who benefit by her kindness. You will see that Mr. J. H. Kessel has sent a subscription for four; also, I have sent Mr. Kessel your names and addresses. Miss Ruby Shannon also is sending to four of you. She also has your names. Mr. Bowerman sends to four, he sent the names to us. I am sure you will all appreciate this effort to help us realise our ideal to make "The Link" indeed true to its name. I have had letters from Tasmania, South Australia, Victoria, New South Wales, and Western Australia since I last wrote, letters that cheered and helped. To those kind unknown friends, who have procured subscribers for us we give grateful thanks. They do it because they think it will do as we hope, and give you boys some pleasure. Every good wish boys.

THE MATER.

#### FROM A DECK CHAIR.

Good day to you, Editor! Good day to you, mates! and a very good day to the maids and some matrons I believe who have sent me Society jottings. "Zoe" tells me that she went to an afternoon the other day at Mrs. Ringbells. Maisie Whatman was there with an exact copy of Zoe's new summer hat that she wore to the Jingleton's garden party, but she says she got her punishment, for it didn't suit Maisie one bit, and she's going to pay her out by wearing it front to back with a bunch of nutmegs gold painted on the side. "Galdwys" says she has just been for a few days at the seaside. She has a walking stick. She says all people who have been to Kosiosko or Paris or Redcliffe or any of these famous tours have them now. The Lightpennies were there. They are staying until all the Christmas-box appeals are over. She says Papa Lightpenny has had a terrible shock. You may remember he is a bit of a fowl fancier, and one evening just at dark a fellow came along with a pair of nice white Leghorns. He was leaving the seaside after a few months' stay, and had sold all but one pair of fowls. Hearing Papa Lightpenny knew a good fowl when he saw one he came to let him have them cheaply. The baker told him that if you wanted to find a man who knew a fowl from a pigeon, Mr. Lightpenny was that man. He didn't much care if he took them back to Kangaroo Point or not, but 10/6 would keep them. It did, and in the morning the old man found he had bougt





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SEPTEMBER 13, 1917.

a pair of his own fowls the fancier had pinched at the back and brought to the front. But it seems rough on the fowls that now all old Lightpenny's cuppies have a small piece punched out between their toes.

If any of you fellows go grey before your best girl thinks you should, be careful that the restorer you use is the restorer, and not hat restorer. There is a tragic story going the rounds, of a careless Claud who mistook his in the bathroom, for a bottle with which his careless but thrifty sister had been rejuvenating an elderly hat. I believe the results were tragic, the more so, that the family at once came to his assistance, and at present no one but a clairvoyant could tell if his hair is grey or brown, and there are all sorts of stories as to why and how this sudden baldness. The Bulockys gave a motor party to One Tree Hill last week. I believe it was a great success. Of course nothing in this world was ever perfect, and pretty Miss Flighty, the actress who has been here playing in "There's Always Me" was the cause (innocent though) of a very slight hitch in the proceedings. Just as they were starting for home, Miss Flighty found that a shoe lace that had been given her by the King of Siam at his last daughter's Christening had become busted, and was somewhere where she wasn't, she remembered something which she thought was a raiding Zeppelin or a burst tyre had attracted her attention at the last rest house but one. So old man Bulocky wouldn't let anyone else go. He went himself to get the missing piece of the fair lady's wardrobe.

He told Ma Bulocky to go on with her car load and Auntie Bulocky and Cousin Maud and Mrs. Lial, and all the rest to go on, and he would follow in a few minutes with Miss Flighty. However, no sooner had he gone than young Archie Bulocky, who is a "hoppy" from Gaza, got out of his mama's car and getting in beside Miss Flighty, said, "You wait for Pa, Ma dear," and away they went. Sad to say Ma could not have understood, and did not wait for Pa, but went home to bed, after supper. Pa is between sixteen or seventeen stone, or he was before he walked home (all the trams had stopped running and he didn't get a car until he got to Brisbane), and I hear that he didn't even leave a card on Miss

Flighty during the rest of her season. The worst of it is Miss Flighty has worked it into an item, "Absurdity Exaggerated," so Eileen writes.—Yours,  
CRUTCHES.

### ONE TREE HILL.

FROM SHERWOOD LANE AT EVENING,

(Written for "The Link.")

The Sherwood lane!

Familiar hedge of lilac Deccan thorn,  
With yellow berries. From the path adown,  
Glint of the river, and two punts that drift,  
Torn night-clouds, and a light aslant the rift.

Mysterious evening!

Empurpled shadows gliding overhead,  
Brown tufty grass cushioning to the tread,  
A rounded knoll of tawny uncut hay,  
Framed with dark blue of gum trees far away,  
First step of the wide stairway, running high—  
Forest and hill and mountain, cloud and sky—  
Blue, blue, more blue, receding row o'er row,  
From palest tint to darkest indigo.

Old One Tree Hill!

Advancing, musing, with his train behind,  
Intense, intent, with meditating mind,  
Frowns at his likeness in the dimly seen  
Lagoon of land-locked river—darkly green.  
The listening water and the breathless air,  
Refuse to move, the giant's mood to stir.  
But mingled with a thousand singing wings,  
And penetrating speech of silent things,  
Comes sobbing, where the sighing bulrush  
grows,

Past the house—behind the dark mangoes.

Hush! Listen!

He is speaking! But we cannot understand.  
The shades of night are kissing, hand in hand,  
The trees tip-toeing, laughing, heart to heart,  
We mar the harmony. We are apart.  
Then through the spell, a curlew's tragic cry!  
So—thoughtful—home together—you and I.

—ANNIE POWIS DUNN.

Drill Sergeant who has been trying in vain  
to get a satisfactory "double" out of his  
platoon.

"Gastropods, that's what you are!"

"Wots a Gastropod? Well, I'll tell you. A  
Gastropods a thing without any brains or back-  
bone, and has corns on its stommick from  
crawling."

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